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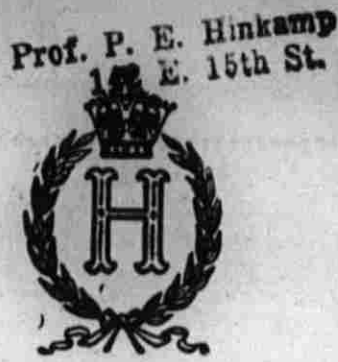
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The Anchor



Volume XXXIV

HOPE COLLEGE, Holland, Michigan, June 21, 1922

Number 34

LARGE ATTENDANCE AT BACCALAUREATE

DR. SHANNON DELIVERS MAS- TERFUL ADDRESS TO GRADUATES

Faculty and Students All Gather In Carnegie Gym.

The "Son of God Goes Forth to War" was indeed a fitting song for processional of the class of 1922. The song surely fit the address of the occasion.

Dr. Blekkink offered the invocation, after which a quartette composed of Mrs. W. J. Fenton, Mr. Gerrit Ter Beek, Miss Mabelle Mulder and Dr. A. C. V. R. Gilmore, rendered "Prepare ye the way of the Lord."

The scripture was read by Dr. Shannon from Daniel 6. Dr. H. E. Doscker then offered the prayer.

Dr. Meinecke then gave us, perhaps the last musical treat of the year, and in his usual calm, clever way rendered a violin solo which reverberates in our ears as we think of it. Again, after the offering was taken the quartet sang "Turn ye even to Me."

Dr. Shannon then delivered his sermon using as his text the 10th verse of the sixth chapter of Daniel. The theme of the address was "Daniel's house, and its rooms."

As only Dr. Shannon can, he briefly reviewed the Babylonian civilization, and Daniel's place in that civilization. Picturing not only in word but carrying and lifting us right with him he took us into the secrets of Daniel's life, and his home. Just here he pointed out the architecture of that house and called our attention to the Babylonian civilization of today—the material world as contrasted with the house we ought to live in, if our homes were to bear out even as Daniel's did.

"How then are we going to reproduce the architecture of this home?"

First, by having a room in it, for "White-hot convictions,"—and when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, Daniel knew! his convictions were not burned out, he knew! We have all come to a Babylon of a creativeless conventionalism. We have come to a time when every man thinks he has the right to do whatever he pleases."

Our second room, should be a room with an outlook upon the infinite—"Daniel opened his windows toward Jerusalem."

There are two landscapes at which we may look, one a muck-heap—measureless materialism, the other the landscape of the infinite; a window open to God.

The third room in the make up of the architecture of our house must be a room devoted to "systematic self-conservation"—"and he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime." "Great living is not an extemporaneous affair. Systematic effort, persistent effort must be our watch words."

Throughout the sermon Dr. Shannon quoted many passages from varied poets, and in all opened the great store of the ages to us, in pictures sketched graphically, and euphoniously in a very fitting way. The meeting was closed by singing "Oh Love that wilt not let me go."

"Every burned book or a house enlightens the world; every suppressed or expunged word reverberates thru the earth from side to side."

"A" CLASS PROGRAM

It has been the custom in the past for the graduating class of the Preparatory school to present the annual program on Monday afternoon of Commencement week, but this year the exercises were held on Thursday evening preceding commencement week. The success of this new plan was evidenced in the large audience present. A varied program was rendered. To begin the exercises of the evening Miss Cornelia Nettinga of the 'B' class favored the audience with a piano solo. Then the Rev. James Dykema of Red Bank, N. J., gave the invocation. After a few remarks by the class president, Chester Yntema, the following program was given:

Reading—"The Sign of the Cross" (Barrett).....Miss Gladys Kleinhessel
Piano Solo—"To Spring" (Grieg).....Miss Gladys Moeke

Class Oration—"The Signal Call".....Nicholas Bruinix

A farce in one act "Ici on Parle Fracaise" ("French Spoken Here), under the direction of Miss Boyd, was presented by the following cast: Anna Maria.....Hilda Wierenga
Mr. Spriggins.....Chester Yntema
Mrs. Spriggins.....Jeannette Veldman
Angelina Spriggins.....Gladys Moeke
Victor Dubois.....Willis Temple
Mrs. Julia Rattan.....Gladys Hoekje
Major Rattan.....Henry Nyboer
The "A" class of 1922 numbers twenty-two, about half of whom have intentions of entering the Freshman Class next September.

The Meliphonians held their annual bust at Macatawa beach. They left Holland after their annual program, as is the custom, and spent Friday evening and most of Saturday there. No one left the party with an empty stomach and all had a fine time.

THE PHI KAPPA DELTA

CLOSES YEAR'S WORK

One year of Phi Kappa Delta at Hope throws upon the scene an organization which bids fare to control Hope's oratory and forensics. It has established a certain recognition of work done in these departments, which heretofore was sadly lacking. Yet the year has not brought any spectacular new enterprise. The question of financing these activities always remains a problem and as we take a big view; a comprehensive view, we can see the positive value coming to not only, students participating; but to fellow-students and to the school as a whole.

Phi Kappa Delta goes into the next year with one hand extended to bid the seniors farewell, with the other extended to welcome the new students.

This year we have lost and won debates in oratory, we held our own. What are we going to do in 1922-1923? Your's is the answer! Shall we enter new fields? Again fellow students yours is the answer.

The officers for the coming year are as follows:

Pres.—William De Ruiter.
Vice-Pres.—Harvey De Weerd.
Sec. Treas.—Jack Prins.

SIBILLINE SOCIETY OFFICERS

Pres.—Jeanette De Young.
Vice-Pres.—Alice Brower.
Sec'y.—Katherine Wassenaar.
Treas.—Marie Kruyf.
K. of A.—Joan Wassenaar.

All Seniors desiring The Anchor for the next three years for \$3.00 see the Business Manager or Circulation Manager as soon as possible. It is not necessary that you pay us now, just give us your name and possible address.

FRATERS END YEAR IN MERRIMENT

OLD AND NEW FRATERNALS COME TOGETHER

WOMAN'S LITERARY ROOMS BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED TO FIT OCCASION

—and F. S. Dined. This may be a fit ending for a narrative expression of the Fraternal year. Its 88th June banquet held at the club rooms Wednesday evening, united more firmly the old and young Fraters in the spirit of friendship, love and truth.

The old F. S. pin with its anchor, rising sun, scroll and O. K. E., in colors of purple, orange, and gold were adapted to decorations and program.

We are very careful to the alumni Fraters for our prized heritage and to old Hope for its grand environment to Hope—the biggest little school in the world. The program:—Frater Richard Blocker, '22, Toastmaster

The Point.....Toastmaster
F. S.....Frater E. Vanden Bosch, '23
Purple and Gold.....
.....Frater Minor Stegenga, '15
"Lassie O' Mine" (Edward J. Walt)
.....Frater W. Bloemendal, '24
Diamonds.....Frater Tunis Baker, '22
Sun.....Frater Dyke Van Putten, '22
Scroll.....Frater Earnest Brooks, '12
Homing (Teresa De Reigo)
.....Frater W. Bloemendal, '24
Anchor.....Frater James Dykema, '10
O. K. E.....Frater J. E. Kuizenga, '99
Fraters' Song.....Company

MELIPHONIANS PROVE TO BE GOOD ENTERTAINERS

The Meliphone society rendered its annual program last Friday evening. A large audience was present and in every respect the program proved a success. The feature was a play "The Freshman," written by Wilson Stegeman, Meliphone, '15, and revised and directed by Tuins Baker, Meliphone '16. A group of Sophomores decided to cool down a Freshman who was acting too fresh for them. By mistake they almost ducked the Freshman's uncle, Prof. Morgan, because of a trick by the newcomer. However, they get hold of the Freshman later and they give him a double punishment due him.

The program rendered was as follows:

Invocation.....R. J. Steunenberg,
Meliphone '97, Orange City, Ia.
President's Welcome.....
.....Chester Yntema
Reading.....Andrew Vinstra
Budget.....Gerald Elenbaas
Reading.....Frank Paterick
"The Freshman"—A Comedy in
two Acts. Cast of Characters:
Nick.....Nicholas Bruinix
Jack.....Gerald Elenbaas
Slim.....Frank Jansma
Doc.....Thomas Ten Hoeve
Oppie.....Adrian Daane
Hank.....Henry Nyboer
Percy.....William Klerekoper
The Freshman.....Theodore Ludens
Prof. Morgan.....Chester Yntema

DELPHI OFFICERS

President—Grace Spies.
Vice-Pres.—Midge De Young.
Sec'y.—Mabel Van Dyke.
Treas.—Ethel Newland.
K. of A.—Margaret McCombes.

COSMOPOLITAN ELECTION

Pres.—Herbert Mentink.
Vice Pres.—Isaac Sherpinesse.
Sec'y.—Wm. Van't Hof.
Treas.—Kenny Van Lente.
K. of A.—Jack Prins.
Janitor—Abe Dulmes.

VISSCHER BROTHERS RECOGNIZED FOR WORK IN SCIENCE

Maurice Visscher has been honored by an assistantship at the Medical School of the University of Minnesota. He will be allowed full time work in the medical school. His assistantship carries with it a stipend of \$300 with several incidentals being paid for him. His work will be in the Department of Dean Lyon, dean of the medical school.

J. Paul Visscher, '17 has been honored with the Bruce fellowship at Johns Hopkins. Mr. Visscher has for the past three summers held a summer scholarship at Woods Hole Biological Laboratories. During the scholastic year he has held a position as instructor in Washington University at St. Louis, Mo.

The Bruce fellowship gives a stipend equal to the income on an investment of \$15,000.

SCIENCE CLUB HOLDS LAST MEETING

The Science club en masse pulled out of Holland on the 12:55, headed for Mac. to hold its final meeting for the year, on Friday.

Arriving at the park the atoms, and moleculs in a slightly unusual range of motion proceeded to Ustick's cottage, where the business of the year was brought to a close.

After the election of the following men as officers for the ensuing year, the seniors, Messrs. Beuker, Gaike, Kleinheksel, Wierda, De Young, Steggerda and Visscher were given good wishes for their advanced work. It is of interest to note that all of these men, but two, have scholarships or fellowships. The two men not going on in advanced work as scholarship men are both planning to go on into medical work taking up their work in a Chicago school.

Pres.—Arthur Muller.
Vice Pres.—Jerry De Vries.
Sec. Treas.—Thomas De Vries.
The remainder of the afternoon was spent in playing indoor baseball on the beach and in swimming.

MINERVITES ENJOY ANNUAL BLOOMER PARTY

Monday afternoon the Minerva girls took advantage of the beautiful weather by holding their annual bloomer party. They took the car to Mac. and hiked along the beach to Castle Park. The time was spent in bathing, climbing hills and taking pictures.

A nice supper had been planned by the social committee which rapidly was tucked away. Each member returned with a feeling of satisfaction and a greater love for the society.

Following are the officers elected:
Pres.—Cornelia Nettinga.
Vice-Pres.—Helen Olgers.
Sec'y.—Helen D Bruin.
Tras.—Katherine Fischer.

K. S. ELECTION AND BUST

Sandwiches, pikles, bananas, sand; water, ballots, tellers, etc.—this very briefly tells the story of the last K. S. meeting.

Farewells were said, and all parted for civilization, history chem and other lands. It all passed too soon.

Officers for the fall term are as follows:

Pres.—William Joldersma.
Vice-Pres.—Jerry DeVries.
Sec.—Arthur Mulder.
Treas.—Jack Ver Meulen.
K. of A.—Clarene Laman.
Chorister—Roughgarden.
Janitor—Raymond Kuiper.

GO TO OTTAWA BEACH FOR BANQUET

SOROSITES ENERTAIN GUESTS AND ALUMNI

All Enjoy Pleasant Afternoon

The Sorosis Society climaxed the social activities for the Hope students with a luncheon at the Hotel Ottawa, on Saturday, June 17. At one o'clock the Sorosites invited their alumni and guests to enter the dining hall and to enjoy such food and such a program for which the Sigma Sigma has always been famous. The girls proved once for all that the Sorosis genius, "being different," could afford every guest pleasures which would be remembered always.

Just to recall what they ate that noon is a pleasant memory to all that were there. Let's see there was, fruit cocktail—and olives—and pickles. After that, broiled white fish and potato chips, some fish too! But they didn't stop at that. Chicken a la king with cream whipped potatoes, followed, and then head lettuce with thousand island dressing. Even then they didn't stop but favored the guests with ice cream and cake, coffee and "some" bon bons.

By this time any that may not have been in the best of humor, of which kind there were very few, were feeling mighty good. All were prepared for the best part of all,—the girls and their program. Henrietta Van Putten was toastmistress and you could just see that she had enjoyed everything so far because she was feeling awfully good, and made everyone else feel just the same way. Ann De Cook gave the first toast on "Pansies for thoughts."

"I give thee pansies while
the year is young,
Flowers of remembrance
ever fondly sung."

It was a pleasing toast from Senior Sorosite to those who were left behind. Janet Bouma spoke next, "Daisies won't tell"

"He loves me—He loves me not"

with her usual pleasing manner Miss Bouma entertained all with a humorous satire on the ways of "Boys and Girls." Helen Smith, Amy Ruth Zwemer and Adelaide Borgman followed with two songs. Francis Mills as a Junior member gave a toast to the Seniors,—"For - get - me - nots, "Hope's gentle gem, the sweet forget me not". Francis certainly did all she could tell what the Seniors meant, if that be possible in one short toast. After this Janet Albers gave two very appropriate piano solos. In speaking for the Alumni who came out in large numbers Sorosite Mrs. Ann Kolyn Elferdink toasted to Rosemary-for Remembrance.

"I have never failed in your fragrance sweet
To find some secret spell
And charm that has bound me with witching power."

Half serious, half humorous she did not fail to remind all by her own presence of mighty Sorosites who had gone before. Isla Pruim pleased everyone with "One Spring Morning" and the "Boblins will get you", the last of which was not on the program but oh how we did enjoy it.

Mary Pieters, toasting on "Bittersweet"—"that's the berries" gave evidence of the fact that the Freshman Sorosites were of the usual Sorosite calibre. Very appropriately the program ended with another toast from an alumnus, Evelyn De Pree, who toasted "Heart's Ease," a call to Hopeites to do for their college, even as the college is doing for them.

The Anchor

Published every Wednesday during the College year by students of Hope College.

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AU REVOIR

This has been a pretty good year after all. Now that we are at the end of it and can get a bird's-eye view of the whole, the picture looks quite charming. It has been full of work but "Work is the glory of life". It has been full of pleasure and good times, and pleasure furnishes the spice and savor for the drab of life. There has been excitement—plenty of it—anxiety, hope, fear—almost everything, in fact. Not that it has been a perfect year—by no means—but we can count many a stone of progress along the path.

When you come to the end of any one year, there is always a whole new year to which to look forward. Always there is that air of mystery which the future holds. Every day of that next year is brimful of golden opportunities, which brings a certain indefinable thrill to your very soul of souls.

And now, right now, is the logical time to begin to think and plan for next year. You know what is expected of you and you're going to do just a little bit more than that. You know the standard of your college and you're going to strive to raise it a little higher. That's just fine, but—you must not allow your ambition to slump during the summer. There's the danger!

So just before we say "Au Revoir" we want to remind you to keep the Hope spirit alive during the summer. Give it a little gratuitous exercise daily. Plan your work for this summer and then work your plan. In that way you will keep the habit for next fall. "A book of verses underneath the bough," is all right sometimes but not all the time. Make the most of your vacation and make it tell for Hope.

Until September then—

HOPE STUDENTS DURING VACATION

"If you are a student in a college seize upon the good that that is there. You get good by giving—so give sympathy and cheerful loyalty to the institution. Be proud of it." As college is closing the first sentence of Elbert Hubbard's quotation does not hold special interest for us at this particular time. It is the latter part of his statement that concerns us more definitely and contains advice which we could profitably take with us, as we enter into our summer vacation.

Let us go out and support Hope and win support for it, realizing what a large factor for good Hope has been in our lives, and trying to enlarge the scope of the institution by showing its standards to others.

Thursday morning several members of the Synod, on their way home to the East, visited the campus.

Rev. Edgar F. Romig of the Middle Collegiate Church of New York conducted chapel services Thursday morning. He spoke briefly of the General Synod meeting and his trip thru the West.

Y. W. C. A.

The last Y. W. meeting for the year was held on Thursday afternoon. That is the meeting which we always give over to the Seniors as their farewell meeting before leaving Hope. Margaret Van Donselaar led on the subject "L'Envor." She briefly reviewed four years of college life, mentioned the things that stood out most clearly in that time, and how Y. W. had affected them.

If, during our four years of college, we have done merely those things which were expected of us with never a thought of going a little farther and making the second mile, we have been "unprofitable servants". The biggest and best in life comes only to those who put their biggest and best into it. Y. W. should be a vital force in the life of every college girl. The meetings should give us new courage and strength for the rest of the week. If they but do that, perhaps the trouble lies with us and we must make it our aim to have the "Y" the necessary force in our life for service.

We were very fortunate in having some ex-Seniors at our meeting also. Elizabeth Zwemer and Hattie Vermeer each gave us a message out of their own experience. The world needs a certain type of girl today, and needs it badly. It is the true, whole-hearted, deep-souled Y. W. girl. Mr. Dykema sang for us and as his voice filled the chapel we bowed our heads and listened to the voice of God.

THE STUDENT VOLUNTEER BAND AT MAC

Farewell? No it was not a farewell meeting that the Student Volunteers held out on the beach Friday afternoon. There were no "tears or sorrows," the seniors would not have it so. They are leaving Hope, but only to enter into a larger and bigger life, a life of usefulness in the service of others. Each one felt this keenly, not with a feeling of sadness, but rather with a feeling of joy.

After the picnic supper, and a jolly social hour, the devotional meeting was held. A better place for devotion, cannot be found, than in God's own great out-of-doors. The sincere and earnest words spoken by the different leaders on Faith, Hope, Love, and Prayer, were fitting messages to carry with us throughout the summer months. Mike in his own whole-hearted way gave us a few parting words. We know Mike will be as big a man in India as he was on our campus and we all bid him Godspeed. We were all glad to have Bill Van Hazel with us, for we always welcome his earnest and devoted talks.

The inspiration received at the meeting shall not soon be forgotten, but will spur us on to do the big and noble things, wherever we are.

CAMPUS NEWS

Prof. Evans is playing the part of host to his parents from Coldwater.

Maynard Boone was suddenly taken ill this week. A case of appendicitis is feared.

Richard Harkema has recovered from his recent severe attack of the grip. Glad to see you well again, Rich!

Mrs. Durfee will spend the summer in Europe visiting Scotland, England and France.

Our double sextette with John Kuiper as violinist, along with Dr. Nykerk and Dr. Dimment visited and conducted services in Kalamazoo last Sunday.

Chck Vruwink finally made up his mind to go home for the summer months. He would have us believe that the Cedar Groves are the attraction. He left Thursday evening.

Mr. Sanford of the Board of Education, spoke to us in Chapel Friday morning.

ALUMNI NEWS

Peter J. Mulder, '21, who received the Michigan Fellowship last year has completed his year of post-graduate work in Physics.

Hattie Ver Meer, '20 after spending a week-end in Chicago, was a campus guest during the week. She has been teaching in the Wisconsin Academy.

Among the many other old faces we noticed the following about this week. We should like to list all our visitors, but we don't know you all: Mr. and Mrs. James Muilenberg—Mr. Muilenburg has just completed the year's work at the University of Nebraska, where he held a fellowship in English literature and Rhetoric.

Dr. J. Carleton Pelgrim, Mr. J. Paul Visscher, '17, Mrs. J. Paul Visscher (Yeomans) '17, Mrs. and Anthony Luidens, Rev. K. T. Dykema of Red Banks, N. J., Dr. I. Van Kampen, Ph. D., Arthur Winter, Bert Van Ark, '21, Harold Veldman, '21, Willard Van Hazel, '20.

Notice Seniors

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WINS SCHLARSHIP IN UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

Mr. Marinus Hamelink, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Hamelink of this city, has accepted a scholarship from the University of Illinois in the department of zoology. Mr. Hamelink is the fourth Hope student to accept a scholarship from that institution this year and the second to receive the award thru the local department of biology.

He has followed various courses in the biological department here, and expects to pursue advanced work in that line, there specializing in parasitology.

Mr. Hamelink will work with Dr. H. W. Ward, in charge of the department of zoology there, and will be required to give a quarter-time assistantship. This award carries a stipend of \$300, besides tuition and all other laboratory fees. The rest of the time is granted for completing his advanced work which he expects to devote towards attaining a medical degree.

The assistantship is a desirable one, and offers also an opportunity for a better position with greater stipend from year to year.

PRIZE ORATION—WASHINGTON BUST CONTEST

"The Reasonbleness of Hope"

Human nature never changes,—that is a commonplace. Years come and go, nations rise and fall, while men's minds follow still the age-old trends of that. Studying the history of civilization we learn that men in every age decreed the degeneracy of their contemporaries. It seems to be a universally human characteristic to take fright at the future.

Stephan Langton and his baron who wrested a Magna Carta from King John, fained concessions fatal to absolutism, causing his sovereign to declare, "They have given me five and twenty over-kings." Then flinging himself on the floor, the monarch gnawed sticks and stones in his impotent rage. Thru all time men have trembled to break the shackles that have bound them to the past. The past is a mere record of deeds. There must be an intelligent interpretation of cause and result before this inanimate record becomes a living, vital force in human life. Men have failed to appreciate this. They have hesitated to depart from time-worn custom. They have predicted ruin and disaster to civilization, unless there be a return to the ways that

(Continued on Page 3)

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Farewell Graduates!!

We extend our thanks to you one and all. We wish the graduates much success in life, to other Hope students we say "enjoy your vacation season."

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have stood the test of time. They have pictured the future in a color-scheme of black.

In this day there is no exception to this rule. Like men in every past epoch, we view our world with apprehension. We see much of lawlessness and crime; we see ignorance and vice rampant. We cannot fail to feel that there is something wrong.

But this feeling of dissatisfaction of things in their present state is a hopeful omen. When men are roused to dangers that threaten them,—those dangers vanish. We are sincerely concerned about sounding the alarm, for we know that the American people must be awakened to their duty to mankind. American citizens must listen to many charges brot against them. They must listen to the indictment of a world that has seen party-bosses sway the nation's council; has seen America reject a League of Nations; has seen her refuse to convert what is now a toy, a mere bauble, into a powerful organization. The World State might have brot the international harmony that we are striving to establish.

Let Americans take account of themselves. Have we been unbiased, or does class jealousy determine right and partisan policy affect justice? If party alters right, then equity is a sham and good-will a terrific lie. We have seen questions of moment arise, questions that cry for intelligent, fair-minded considera-

tion, and we have ignored them in order to consider personal issues.

A little more than three years ago there convened in Versailles an assemblage of sovereign potentates and executives with plenipotentiary powers, to determine upon the terms of the peace which was to terminate the most intensive warfare in the annals of mankind. An expectant but deluded world watched those proceedings. Instead of bringing to the conference table the idealism which the world fought for, which their countrymen died for, many of these men brot their selfish national greeds, their solicitude for personal popularity and reputation at home, instead of attempting honestly to achieve that promised end—a warless world—they perfidiously set themselves to barter and to trade, to parcel out the world to satisfy their petty greeds, to assume for themselves the aspect of great men.

They failed. They made a dismal horrid mess of all they undertook. The lands they parcelled out are even now revolting against their fortune. The futile, worthless toy which they called the "League of Nations" is wobbling like a top that has spun itself out. Miserable, poverty-stricken Germany is staggering under an economic burden that is fast reducing her to bankruptcy.

And this is Peace! Peace! Peace at any price! We have paid the price for a peace that is a lie, a slander-

ous insult to those fallen dead who lie in Flander's Fields, whose dying lips gave us the charge,

"To you from failing hands we throw

The Torch; be yours to hold it high.

If ye break faith with us who die We shall not sleep, tho poppies grow in Flander's Fields."

Oh, ye men, do you forget so soon? Has the ardor of a holy passion chilled within your breast? We surely cannot soon forget how the hissing shrapnel tore and bruised, how the monstrous shells snuffed out life in an instant, how the insidious gases took their toll in human agony and death. We shall not soon forget the blasted lives and hopes, nor the sobs of grief-stricken mothers, nor the tears of faithful lovers. No; human agony is too priceless, too dear to be strowed so recklessly upon the ground, to be wasted thus, its purpose lost to men.

We shall not drop the torch! We shall keep faith!

On the third anniversary of the signing of the Armistice, there assembled in our Nation's Capitol another group of diplomats, with different aim in view. They were met from the greatest nations of the earth to effect a real step toward World peace. They came to establish an agreement to reduce armaments. With unselfishness as their motive, World Peace as their goal, they have thrust aside the pettiness of former diplomatic wrangling and have set themselves fearlessly to the task in hand. They felt the mighty urge of the conviction of the myriad men in every land, of every nation, that war should be no more. Perhaps they felt the moral duty that the sacrifice of nine million lives upon the field of battle laid upon them. At least, they kept the faith, they held the torch and pressed it onward toward the goal.

It is not with futile fancy, therefore, that we look with hope toward the future. The trend of History justifies our hopes, vindicates our belief that the world is advancing. Go back, if you will, to primitive man blindly blundering thru the darkness of undiscovered ages, led only by the light of his limited intelligence. He devised means of protection of locomotion, or shelter and then set about to establish his order, to make better his civilization, until the world was on fire with ideas and living ideals.

All of history redated itself at the coming of Christ, whose teachings worked a new social order that taught men freedom of thot. Witness Columbus defying his age and declaring the world was round. His discovery gave birth to a new nation, born of Pilgrim Fathers, who, leaving the Old World Darkness behind, come to seek their freedom in New World. Watch this world throw off the yoke of bondage to the Old World tyrannies. See a Washington, the father of his country leading the Colonists in Revolution. Watch these men as they write their ideals into a national constitution based on the brotherhood of man. See a Lincoln putting into practice this doctrine thru the emancipation of the alive; watch America go into a great World war under the slogan that the world must be made safe for democracy—that ideal of government of the people, by the people, and for the people. Come to the Councils to limit armaments and you will have seen how, in spite of mistakes obstacles, opposing evils, mankind has carried the Torch of Hope down to us.

"Whether we, the heirs of such a heritage, a people diverse in race, religion, individuality, can live happily and prosperously together with no law over us but the invisible law of right and wrong, and no authority other than unarmed conscience, is the problem America is to solve for the World." Are we equal to the task? We, who can summon the names of such men as Washington, Lincoln and Roosevelt to typify of

(Continued on Last Page)

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our people, need we despair, Oft times we magnify the dark aspect of life, we cast a shadow over our civilization. Injustice looms up so large in the foreground of our horizon, that we overlook the great preponderance of good in life.

But we have seen that idealism, unless substantiated by action, is futile; that optimism, unless applied is worse than folly. We have seen that only where idealism has crystallized into action has there been any gain. Public opinion can achieve nothing unless coupled with that opinion there is a resolve to act in accordance with the impulse. In our democracy there is but one way to make advancement: We must elect legislators who believe in reform movements, then after electing them we must insist that they carry their promises into effect. It is well to have a party platform with promises of reform but it is a blot on the fair name of democracy that these promises never materialize. To lay the blame at the door of office-holders is futile. So long as Americans are not stirred to wrath and to action by such procedure, such practice will continue.

Let the citizens of our state then demand from their representatives in government the fulfillment of pre-election promises; let them enforce this demand by an intelligent and persistent interest. There is no question but that reforms will be accomplished. Let the citizens of our State seek earnestly, to determine the right in affairs of administration and let them elect only such men to office as will defend that right. We can then be assured of our nation's welfare,—we can then believe in the reasonableness of Hope.

Let this national feeling pervade the atmosphere of the nations. Let the old jealousies, old greeds and the old theory of disunity disappear in the dust of oblivion. Instead of making nations the ultimate units, let us count all mankind a brotherhood,—the world a unity. If we expect anything from the future, we must make that assumption. Mechanical inventions have eliminated distance and annihilated time. England, America, Japan—are next door neighbors, they speak to each other by telegraph, and it will not be long before they will fly by airplane from one land to the other. There is no real isolation. It is futile to attempt to create an artificial one. Instead of attempting to avoid our neighbors, let us strive to co-operate with them. The attitude of hopefulness demands that we seek for perfect adjustment in life—national and inter-national.

In making this adjustment we have need of fair-minded thinking,—unfettered by the fallacies of the past. We have need of fearless action and the whole-souled confidence of humanity, that, with a little effort, the world can be made a decent place to live in. There is no Magic formula, there is no voice or prophet or seer to tell us how our task must be accomplished. We know it must be wrought by conscientious effort. The only Voice we hear is that of History, interpreting the past, which tells the tale of ceaseless advancement, of constant progress, assuring us of the reasonableness of hope.

It is for America to lead the nations in making the unexplored tomorrow yield up its treasures to a waiting world. Beginning at home, let her citizens realize that the responsibility for good government rests upon them. Let each who casts a ballot cast it on the side of principle. Let Americans think more of the triumph of right than of party victory.

Above all, let them not forget the challenge of those heroic men who died, whose blood has mingled with the blood of martyrs, who charged us to bear their torch, who challenge us to finish the fight which they began on the battlefields of war, but must be won on the battle-grounds of peace.

To All Hope Students!

Good bye and good luck.
Hope to see you again next year.

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